

2

H O B B I N O L,  
OR THE  
R U R A L G A M E S.  
A  
B U R L E S Q U E P O E M,  
In B L A N K V E R S E.

---

By WILLIAM SOMERVILE Esq;

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The FOURTH EDITION.

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*Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum  
Quam sit, & angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.  
Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis  
Raptat Amor. Juvat ire jugis, quâ nulla priorum  
Castaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.*

VIRG. Georg. Lib. III.

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# DEDICATION

TO

Mr. *HOGARTH.*

**P**ERMIT me, Sir, to make choice of you for my Patron, being the greatest Master in the Burlesque Way. In this indeed you have some Advantage of your poetical Brethren, that you paint to the Eye ; yet remember, Sir, that we give Speech, and Motion, and a greater Variety to our Figures. Your Province is the Town ; leave me a small Out-ride in the Country, and I shall be content. In this, at least, let us both agree, to make

# DEDICATION.

Vice and Folly the Object of our  
Ridicule ; and we cannot fail to  
be of some service to Mankind,  
I am,

S I R,

*Your Admirer, and*

*Most humble Servant,*

W. S.



T H E  
P R E F A C E.

*NOTHING* is more common than for us poor Bards, when we have acquired a little Reputation, to print ourselves into Disgrace. We climb the Aonian Mount with Difficulty and Toil, we receive the Bays for which we languish'd; till, grasping still at more, we lose our Hold, and fall at once to the Bottom.

*THE* Author of this Piece wou'd not thus be Felo de se, nor would he be murder'd by Persons unknown. But as he is satisfied, that there are many imperfect Copies of this Trifle dispers'd abroad, and as he is credibly inform'd, that he shall soon be expos'd to View in such an Attitude, as he would not care to appear in; He thinks it most prudent in this desperate Case to throw himself on the Mercy of the Public; and offer this whimsical Work a voluntary Sacrifice, in Hope that he stands a better Chance for their Indulgence, now it has receiv'd his last Hand, than when curtail'd and mangled by others.

*THE* Poets of almost all Nations have celebrated the Games of their several Countries. HOMER  
A 3 began,

began, and all the mimic Tribe follow'd the Example of that great Father of Poetry. Even our own MILTON, who laid his Scene beyond the Limits of this sublunary World, has found Room for Descriptions of this Sort, and has perform'd it in a more sublime Manner, than any who went before him. His, indeed, are Sports; but they are the Sports of Angels. This Gentleman has endeavour'd to do Justice to his Countrymen, the BRITISH Free-holders, who, when dress'd in their Holy-day Cloaths, are by no Means Persons of a despicable Figure; but eat and drink as plentifully, and fight as heartily, as the greatest Heroe in the Iliad. There is also some Use in Descriptions of this Nature, since nothing gives us a clearer Idea of the Genius of a Nation, than their Sports and Diversions. If we see People dancing, even in wooden Shoes, and a Fiddle always at their Heels, we are soon convinc'd of the Levity and volatile Spirit of those merry Slaves. The famous Bull-Feasts are an evident Token of the Quixotism and Romantic Taste of the SPANIARDS. And a Country Wake is too sad an Image of the Infirmities of our own People: We see nothing but broken Heads, Bottles flying about, Tables overturn'd, outrageous Drunkenness, and eternal Squabble.

THUS much of the Subject. It may not be improper to touch a little upon the Style. One of the greatest Poets and most candid Critics of this Age,

Age, has inform'd us that there are two Sorts of Burlesque. Be pleas'd to take it in his own Words, SPECTATOR, Numb. 242. " Burlesque (says he) " is of two Kinds. The first represents mean " Persons in the Accoutrements of Heroes; the " other, great Persons acting and speaking like " the basest among the People. Don QUIXOT " is an Instance of the first, and LUCIAN's Gods " of the second. It is a Dispute among the Cri- " tics, whether Burlesque runs best in Heroic, " like the DISPENSARY; or in Doggrel, like " that of HUDIBRAS. I think where the low " Character is to be rais'd, the Heroic is the " most proper Measure; but where an Heroe " is to be pull'd down and degraded, it is best " done in Doggrel." Thus far Mr. ADDISON. If therefore the Heroic is the proper Measure, where the low Character is to be rais'd, MILTON's Style must be very proper in the Subject here treated of; because it raises the low Character more than is possible to be done under the Restraint of Rhyme; and the Ridicule chiefly consists in raising that low Character. I beg leave to add the Authority of Mr. SMITH, in his Poem upon the Death of Mr. JOHN PHILIPS. The whole Passage is so very fine, and gives so clear an Idea of his Manner of writing, that the Reader will not think his Labour lost in running it over.

OH various Bard! you all our Pow'rs controul,  
 You now disturb, and now divert the Soul.  
 MILTON and BUTLER in thy Muse combine;  
 Above the last thy manly Beauties shine.  
 For as I've seen two Rival Wits contend,  
 One gayly charge, one gravely wise defend;  
 That on quick Turns, and Points in vain relies;  
 This with a Look demure, and steady Eyes,  
 With dry Rebukes and sneering Praise replies:  
 So thy grave Lines extort a juster Smile,  
 Reach BUTLER's Fancy, but surpass his Style.  
 He speaks SCARRON's low Phrase in humble Strains;  
 In thee the solemn Air of great CERVANTES reigns.  
 What sounding Lines his abject Themes express!  
 What shining Words the pompous SHILLING dress!  
 There, there my Cell, immortal made, outvies  
 The frailer Piles, that o'er its Ruins rise.  
 In her best Light the Comic Muse appears,  
 When she with borrow'd Pride the Buskin wears.  
 So when Nurse NOKES to act young AMMON tries,  
 With shambling Legs, long Chin, and foolish Eyes,  
 With dangling Hands he strokes th'imperial Robe,  
 And with a Cuckold's Air commands the Globe.  
 The Pomp, and Sound the whole Buffoon display'd,  
 And AMMON's Son more Mirth than GOMEZ made.

*But here it may be objected, that this Manner  
 of Writing contradicts the Rule in Horace:*

*Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.*

*Monsieur BOILEAU, in his Dissertation upon  
 the Joconde of de la FONTAINE, quotes this Pas-*  
*sage*



# P R E F A C E.



*sage in HORACE, and observes, Que comme il n'y a rien de plus froid, que de conter une chose grande en stile bas, aussi n'y a-t-il de plus ridicule, que de raconter une Histoire comique & absurde, en Termes graves & serieux. But then he justly adds this Exception to the general Rule in Horace; à moins que ce serieux ne soit affecté tout exprés pour rendre la chose encore plus burlesque. If the observation of that celebrated Critic, Monsieur Dacier, is true, Horace himself, in the same Epistle to the Piso's, and not far distant from the Rule here mention'd, has aim'd to improve the Burlesque by the Help of the Sublime, in his Note upon this Verse:*

Debemur Morti nos nostraque; sive receptus  
Terrâ Neptunus—————

*And upon the five following Verses has this general Remark: Toutes ces Expressions nobles qu' HORACE entasse dans ce six vers servent à rendre plus plaisante cette Chute:*

Ne dum Verborum stet Honos.——

*Car Rien ne contribue tant au Ridicule que le Grand. He indeed would be severe upon himself alone, who should censure this Way of Writing, when he must plainly see, that it is affected on Purpose, only to raise the Ridicule, and give the Reader a more agreeable Entertainment. Nothing can improve a merry Tale so much, as its being deliver'd with a*



grave and serious Air. Our Imaginations are agreeably surpris'd, and fond of a Pleasure so little expected. Whereas he, who would bespeak our Laughter by an affected Grimace and ridiculous Gestures, must play his Part very well indeed, or he will fall short of the Idea he has rais'd. It is true, VIRGIL was very sensible that it was difficult thus to elevate a low and mean Subject :

Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum  
Quam sit, & angustis hunc addere rebus honorem.  
But tells us for our Encouragement in another Place,

In tenui Labor, at tenuis non Gloria, siquem  
Numina læva sinunt, auditque vocatus APOLLO.

Mr. ADDISON is of the same Opinion, and adds, that the Difficulty is very much increased by writing in Blank Verse. " The English and French, (says  
" he) who always use the same Words in Verse, as  
" in ordinary Conversation, are forced to raise their  
" Language with Metaphors and Figures, or by  
" the Pompousness of the whole Phrase to wear off  
" any Littleness, that appears in the particular  
" Parts that compose it. This makes our Blank  
" Verse, where there is no Rhyme to support the  
" Expression, extremely difficult to such as are not  
" Masters of the Tongue; especially when they write  
" upon low Subjects." Reemarks upon Italy,  
p. 99. But there is even yet a greater Difficulty  
behind: The Writer in this Kind of Burlesque must

not

not only keep up the Pomp and Dignity of the Style, but an artful Sneer should appear thro' the whole Work; and every Man will judge, that it is no easy Matter to blend together the Heroe and the Harlequin.

If any Person should want a Key to this Poem, his Curiosity shall be gratified: I shall, in plain Words, tell him, "It is a Satire against the Luxury, the Pride, the Wantonness, and quarrelsome Temper of the middling Sort of People." As these are the proper and genuine Cause of that bare-fac'd Knavery, and almost universal Poverty, which reign without Controul in every Place; and as to these we owe our many bankrupt Farmers, our Trade decay'd, and Lands uncultivated; the Author has Reason to hope that no honest Man, who loves his Country, will think this short Reproof out of Season: For, perhaps, this merry Way of bantering Men into Virtue, may have a better Effect, than the most serious Admonitions; since many, who are proud to be thought Immoral, are not very fond of being Ridiculous.

ARGUMENT of the First CANTO.

**P**roposition. *Invotation address'd to Mr. JOHN PHILIPS Author of the Cyder Poem and Splendid Shilling. Description of the Vale of Evesham. The Seat of HOBBINOL; HOBBINOL a great Man in his Village, seated in his Wicker smoking his Pipe, has one only Son. Young HOBBINOL's Education, bred up with GANDERETTA his near Relation. Young HOBBINOL and GANDERETTA chosen King and Queen of May. Her Dress and Attendants. The May-Games. TWANGDILLO the Fidler, his Character. The Dancing. GANDERETTA's extraordinary Performance. Bagpipes good Music in the High-Lands. MILONIDES Master of the Ring, disciplines the Mob; proclaims the several Prizes. His Speech. PASTOREL takes up the Belt. His Character, his Heroic Figure, his Confidence. HOBBINOL, by Permission of GANDERETTA, accepts the Challenge, vaults into the Ring. His honourable Behaviour, escapes a Scow'ring. GANDERETTA's Agony. PASTOREL foil'd. GANDERETTA not a little pleas'd.*

# H O B B I N O L,

## OR THE

### R U R A L G A M E S.

## C A N T O I.

**W**HAT old M E N A L C A S at his Feast re-  
veal'd

ling, strange Feats of antient Prowess, Deeds

Of high Renown, while all his list'ning Guests

With eager Joy receiv'd the pleasing Tale.

O \* Thou ! who late on V A G A's flow'ry Banks

Slumb'ring secure, with † *Stirom* well bedew'd,

Fallacious Cask, in sacred Dreams wert taught

By antient Seers, and M E R L I N Prophet old,

To raise ignoble Themes with Strains sublime,

\* Mr. John Philips, *Author of the Cyder-Poem.* † Strong Here-

fordshire Cyder.



Be thou my Guide! while I thy Tract pursue  
 With Wing unequal, thro' the wide Expanse  
 Advent'rous range, and emulate thy Flights.

IN that rich † Vale, where with || *Dobunian* Fields  
 \*\* *Cornavian* Borders meet, far fam'd of old  
 For † MONTFORT's hapless Fate, undaunted Earl;  
 Where from her fruitful Urn AVONA pours  
 Her kindly Torrent on the thirsty Glebe,  
 And pillages the Hills t'inrich the Plains;  
 On whose luxuriant Banks, Flow'rs of all Hues  
 Start up spontaneous; and the teeming Soil  
 With hasty Shoots prevents it's Cwner's Pray'r:  
 The pamper'd wanton Steer, of the sharp Ax  
 Regardless, that o'er his devoted Head  
 Hangs menacing, crops his delicious Bane,

† Vale of Evesham.  
 shire.

|| Gloucestershire.

\*\* Worcester

† Simon de Montfort kill'd at the Battle of Evesham.



Nor knows the Price is Life ; with envious Eye  
His lab'ring Yoke-fellow beholds his Plight,  
And deems him blest, while on his languid Neck  
In solemn Sloth he tugs the ling'ring Plough.

So blind are Mortals, of each other's State  
Misjudging, self-deceiv'd. Here as Supreme

Stern HOBBINOL in rural Plenty reigns  
O'er wide-extended Fields, his large Domain.

Th' obsequious Villagers, with Look submissive

Observant of his Eye, or when with Seed

T'impregnate Earth's fat Womb, or when to bring

With clam'rous Joy the bearded Harvest home.

HERE, when the distant Sun lengthens the Nights,

When the keen Frosts the shiv'ring Farmer warn

To broach his mellow Cask, and frequent Blasts

Instruct the crackling Billets how to blaze,

In his warm Wicker-Chair, whose pliant Twigs

In

In close Embraces joyn'd, with spacious Arch  
Vault the thick-woven Roof, the bloated Churl  
Loiters in State, each Arm reclin'd is prop'd  
With yielding Pillows of the softest Down.  
In Mind compos'd, from short coeval Tube  
He sucks the Vapours bland, thick curling Clouds  
Of smoke around his reeking Temples play;  
Joyous he sits, and impotent of Thought  
Puffs away Care, and Sorrow from his Heart.  
How vain the Pomp of Kings! Look down, ye Great,  
And view with envious Eye the downy Nest,  
Where soft Repose, and calm Contentment dwell,  
Unbrib'd by Wealth, and unrestrain'd by Pow'r.

ONE Son alone had blest his bridal Bed,  
Whom good CALISTA bore, nor long surviv'd  
To share a Mother's Joy, but left the Babe  
To his paternal Care. An Orphan Niece

# RURAL GAMES.

7

Near the same Time his dying Brother sent,  
 To claim his kind Support. The helpless Pair  
 In the same Cradle slept, nurs'd up with Care  
 By the same tender Hand, on the same Breasts  
 Alternate hung with Joy; 'till Reason dawn'd,  
 And a new Light broke out by slow Degrees:  
 Then on the Floor the pretty Wantons play'd,  
 Gladding the Farmer's Heart with growing Hopes,  
 And Pleasures erst unfelt. Whene'er with Cares  
 Oppress'd, when wearied, or alone he doz'd,  
 Their harmless Prattle sooth'd his troubled Soul.  
 Say, HOBBINOL, What Extasies of Joy  
 Trill'd thro' thy Veins, when climbing for a Kiss  
 With little Palms they strok'd thy grizly Beard,  
 Or round thy Wicker whirl'd their ratt'ling Cars?  
 Thus from their earliest Days bred up, and train'd  
 To mutual Fondness, with their Stature grew  
 The thriving Passion. What Love can decay

Near

B

That

That roots so deep ! Now rip'ning Manhood curl'd  
 On the gay Stripling's Chin; her panting Breasts,  
 And trembling Blushes glowing on her Cheeks  
 Her secret Wish betray'd. She at each Mart  
 All Eyes attracted ; but her faithful Shade,  
 Young H O B B I N O L, ne'er wander'd from her Side.  
 A Frown from him dash'd every Rival's Hopes.  
 For he, like P E L E U S Son, was prone to Rage,  
 Inexorable, swift like him of Foot  
 With Ease cou'd overtake his dastard Foe,  
 Nor spar'd the suppliant Wretch. And now ap-  
 proach'd

Those merry Days, when all the Nymphs and Swains  
 In solemn Festivals and rural Sports,  
 Pay their glad Homage to the blooming Spring.  
 Young H O B B I N O L by joint Consent is rais'd  
 T'imperial Dignity, and in his Hand  
 Bright G A N D E R E T T A tripp'd, the jovial Queen

# RURAL GAMES.

9

Of *MAIA*'s gaudy Month, profuse of Flow'rs.  
 From each enamel'd Mead th' attendant Nymphs  
 Loaded with od'rous Spoils, from these select  
 Each Flow'r of gorgeous Die, and Garlands weave  
 Of party-colour'd Sweets; each busy Hand  
 Adorns the jocund Queen: In her loose Hair,  
 That to the Winds in wanton Ringlets plays,  
 The tufted *Cowslips* breath their faint Perfumes.  
 On her refulgent Brow, as Crystal clear,  
 As *Parian* Marble smooth, *Narcissus* hangs  
 His drooping Head, and views his Image there,  
 Unhappy Flow'r! *Pansies* of various Hue,  
*Iris*, and *Hyacinth*, and *Asphodel*,  
 To deck the Nymph, their richest Liv'ries wear,  
 And lavish all their Pride. Not *FLORA*'s self  
 More lovely smiles, when to the dawning Year  
 Her op'ning Bosom heav'nly Fragrance breaths,



SEE on yon verdant Lawn, the gath'ring Crowd  
Thickens amain; the buxom Nymphs advance  
Usher'd by jolly Clowns: Distinctions cease  
Lost in the common Joy, and the bold Slave  
Leans on his wealthy Master, unprov'd:  
The Sick no Pains can feel, no Wants the Poor.  
Round his fond Mother's Neck the smiling Babe  
Exulting clings; hard by decrepit Age  
Prop'd on his Staff with anxious Thought revolves  
His Pleasures past, and casts his grave Remarks  
Among the heedless Throng. The vig'rous Youth  
Strips for the Combat hopeful to subdue  
The Fair One's long Disdain, by Valour now  
Glad to convince her coy erroneous Heart,  
And prove his Merit equal to her Charms.  
Soft Pity pleads his Cause; blushing she views  
His brawny Limbs, and his undaunted Eye,  
That looks a proud Defiance on his Foes.

Resolv'

Resolv'd, and obstinately firm he stands;  
Danger, nor Death he fears, while the rich Prize  
Is Victory and Love. On the large Bough  
Of a thick-spreading Elm TWANGDILLO sits:  
One Leg on *Ister's* Banks the hardy Swain  
Left undismay'd, BELLONA's Light'ning scorch'd  
His manly Visage, but in Pity left  
One Eye secure. He many a painful Bruise  
Intrepid felt, and many a gaping Wound,  
For brown KATE's Sake, and for his Country's Weal,  
Yet still the merry Bard without Regret  
Bears his own Ills, and with his founding Shell,  
And comic Phyz, relieves his drooping Friends.  
Hark, from aloft his tortur'd Cat-gut squeals,  
He tickles ev'ry String, to ev'ry Note  
He bends his pliant Neck, his single Eye  
Twinkles with Joy, his active Stump beats Time.  
Let but this subtle Artist softly touch

The trembling Chords, the faint expiring Swain  
Trembles no less, and the fond yielding Maid  
Is tweedled into Love. See with what Pomp  
The gaudy Bands advance in trim Array !  
Love beats in ev'ry Vein, from ev'ry Eye  
Darts his contagious Flames. They frisk, they bound :  
Now to brisk Airs, and to the speaking Strings  
Attentive, in Mid-way the Sexes meet ;  
Joyous their adverse Fronts they close, and press  
To strict Embrace, as resolute to force  
And storm a Passage to each other's Heart :  
'Till by the varying Notes forewarn'd, back they  
Recoil disparted : Each with longing Eyes  
Pursues his Mate retiring, 'till again  
The blended Sexes mix ; then Hand in Hand  
Fast lock'd, around they fly, or nimbly wheel  
In Mazes intricate. The jocund Troop  
Pleas'd with their grateful Toil, incessant shake

Their uncouth brawny Limbs, and knock their Heels  
Sonorous; down each Brow the trickling Balm  
In Torrents flows, exhaling Sweets refresh  
The gazing Croud, and heav'nly Fragrance fills  
The Circuit wide. So danc'd in Days of Yore,  
When ORPHEUS play'd a Lesson to the Brutes,  
The list'ning Savages; the speckled Pard  
Dandled the Kid, and with the bounding Roe  
The Lion gambol'd. But what heav'nly Muse  
With equal Lays shall GANDERETTA sing,  
When Goddess-like she skims the verdant Plain,  
Gracefully gliding? Ev'ry ravish'd Eye  
The Nymph attracts, and ev'ry Heart she wounds,  
Thee most, transported HOBBINOL! Lo, now,  
Now to thy op'ning Arms she skuds along,  
With yielding Blushes glowing on her Cheeks;  
And Eyes that sweetly languish; but too soon,  
Too soon, alas! she flies thy vain Embrace,

But flies to be pursu'd; nimbly she trips,  
And darts a Glance so tender, as she turns,  
That with new Hopes reliev'd, thy Joys revive,  
Thy Stature's rais'd, and thou art more than Man.  
Thy stately Port, and more majestic Air,  
And ev'ry sprightly Motion speaks thy Love.

To the loud Bag-pipe's solemn Voice attend,  
Whose rising Winds proclaim a Storm is nigh.  
Harmonious Blasts! that warm the frozen Blood  
Of *Caledonia's* Sons to Love, or War,  
And chear their drooping Hearts, rob'd of the Sun's  
Enliv'ning Ray, that o'er the snowy *Alps*  
Reluctant peeps, and speeds to better Climes.

FORTHWITH in hoary Majesty appears  
One of gigantic Size, but Visage wan,  
MILONIDES the Strong, renown'd of old



For Feats of Arms, but, bending now with Years,  
 His Trunk unwieldly from the verdant Turf  
 He rears deliberate, and with his Plant  
 Of toughest Virgin Oak in rising aids  
 His trembling Limbs; his bald and wrinkled Front,  
 Entrench'd with many a glorious Scar, bespeaks  
 Submissive Rev'rence. He with Count'nance grim  
 Boasts his past Deeds, and with redoubled Strokes  
 Marshals the Croud, and forms the Circle wide.  
 Stern Arbiter ! like some huge Rock he stands,  
 That breaks th'incumbent Waves ; they thronging press  
 In Troops confus'd, and rear their foaming Heads  
 Each above each, but from superior Force  
 Shrinking repell'd, compose of stateliest View  
 A liquid Theatre. With Hands uplift,  
 And Voice *Stentorian*, he proclaims aloud  
 Each rural Prize. " To him whose active Foot  
 " Foils his bold Foe, and rivets him to Earth,

" This

“ This Pair of Gloves, by curious Virgin Hands  
“ Embroider’d, seam’d with Silk, and fring’d with  
“ Gold.

“ To him, who best the stubborn Hilts can wield,  
“ And bloody Marks of his Displeasure leave.

“ On his Opponent’s Head, this Beaver white  
“ With Silver Edging grac’d, and Scarlet Plume.

“ Ye taper Maidens ! whose impetuous Speed  
“ Outflies the Roe, nor bends the tender Grass,

“ See here this Prize, this rich lac’d Smock behold,  
“ White as your Bosoms, as your Kisses soft.

“ Blest Nymph ! whom bounteous Heav’n’s peculiar  
“ Grace

“ Allots this pompous Vest, and worthy deems  
“ To win a Virgin, and to wear a Bride.”

THE Gifts refulgent dazzle all the Croud,  
In speechless Admiration fix’d, unmov’d.

Ev'n he who now each glorious Palm displays,  
In fullen Silence views his batter'd Limbs,  
And sighs his Vigour spent. Not so appall'd  
Young PASTOREL, for active Strength renown'd:  
Him *Ida* bore, a Mountain Shepherdess;  
On the bleak Woald the new-born Infant lay,  
Expos'd to Winter Snows, and Northern Blasts  
Severe. As Heroes old, who from great Jove  
Derive their proud Descent, so might he boast  
His Line paternal: But be thou, my Muse!  
No leaky Blab, nor painful Umbrage give  
To wealthy 'Squire, or doughty Knight, or Peer  
Of high Degree. Him ev'ry shouting Ring  
In Triumph crown'd, him ev'ry Champion fear'd,  
From \* *Kiftsgate* to remotest \* *Henbury*.  
High in the Midst the brawny Wrestler stands,  
A stately tow'ring Object; the tough Belt

\* *Two Hundreds in Gloucestershire.*

Measures

Measures his ample Breast, and shades around  
 His Shoulders broad ; proudly secure he kens  
 The tempting Prize, in his presumptuous Thought  
 Already gain'd ; with partial Look the Croud  
 Approve his Claim : But HOBBINOL enrag'd  
 To see th'important Gifts so cheaply won,  
 And uncontested Honours tamely lost,  
 With lowly Rev'rence thus accosts his Queen.

“ FAIR Goddess ! be propitious to my Vows ;  
 “ Smile on thy Slave, nor HERCULES himself  
 “ Shall rob us of this Palm : That Boaster vain  
 “ Far other Port shall learn.” She, with a Look  
 That pierc'd his inmost Soul, smiling applauds  
 His gen'rous Ardour, with aspiring Hope  
 Distends his Breast, and stirs the Man within :  
 Yet much, alas ! she fears, for much she loves.  
 So from her Arms the *Paphian* Queen dismiss'd



The Warrior God, on glorious Slaughter bent,  
Provok'd his Rage, and with her Eyes inflam'd  
Her haughty Paramour. Swift as the Winds  
Dispel the fleeting Mists, at once he strips  
His Royal Robes; and with a Frown that chill'd  
The Blood of the proud Youth, active he bounds  
High o'er the Heads of Multitudes reclin'd:  
But as be seem'd one, whose plain honest Heart,  
Nor Passion foul, nor Malice dark as Hell,  
But Honour pure, and Love divine had fir'd.  
His Hand presenting, on his sturdy Foe  
Disdainfully he smiles; then, quick as Thought,  
With his Left-hand the Belt, and with his Right  
His Shoulder seiz'd fast griping; his Right-foot  
Essay'd the Champion's Strength, but firm he stood,  
Fix'd as a Mountain-Ash, and in his Turn  
Repaid the bold Affront; his horny Fist  
Fast on his Back he clos'd, and shook in Air

The cumb'rous Load. Nor Rest, nor Pause allow'd,  
Their watchful Eyes instruct their busy Feet;  
They pant, they heave, each Nerve, each Sinew's  
strain'd,

Grasping they close, beneath each painful Gripe  
The livid Tumours rise, in briny Streams  
The Sweat distils, and from their batter'd Shins  
The clotted Gore distains the beaten Ground.  
Each Swain his Wish, each trembling Nymph con-  
ceals

Her secret Dread; while ev'ry panting Breast  
Alternate Fears, and Hopes, depress or raise.  
Thus long in dubious Scale the Contest hung,  
'Till PASTOREL impatient of Delay,  
Collecting all his Force, a furious Stroke  
At his Left-ankle aim'd; 'twas Death to fall,  
To stand impossible. O GANDERETTA!  
What Horrors seize thy Soul! on thy pale Cheeks

# RURAL GAMES.

21

The Roses fade. But wav'ring long in Air,  
 Nor firm on Foot, nor as yet wholly fall'n,  
 On his right Knee he slip'd, and nimbly 'scap'd  
 The foul Disgrace. Thus on the slacken'd Rope  
 The wingy-footed Artist, frail Support!  
 Stands tott'ring; now in dreadful Shrieks the Croud  
 Lament his sudden Fate, and yield him lost:  
 He on his Hams, or on his brawny Rump  
 Sliding secure, derides their vain Distress.  
 Up starts the vigorous Hobb'NOL undismay'd,  
 From Mother Earth like old ANTÆUS rais'd,  
 With Might redoubled. Clamour and Applause  
 Shake all the neighb'ring Hills, *Avona's* Banks  
 Return him loud Acclaim: With ardent Eyes,  
 Fierce as a Tyger rushing from his Lair,  
 He grasp'd the Wrist of his insulting Foe.  
 Then with quick Wheel oblique, his Shoulder-Point  
 Beneath his Breast he fix'd, and whirl'd aloft

High

High o'er his Head the sprawling Youth he flung:

The hollow Ground rebellow'd as he fell.

The Croud press forward with tumultuous Din;

Those to relieve their faint expiring Friend,

With Gratulations these.    Hands, Tongues, and  
Caps,

Outragious Joy proclaim, shrill Fiddles squeak,

Hoarse Bag-pipes roar, and GANDERETTA smiles.

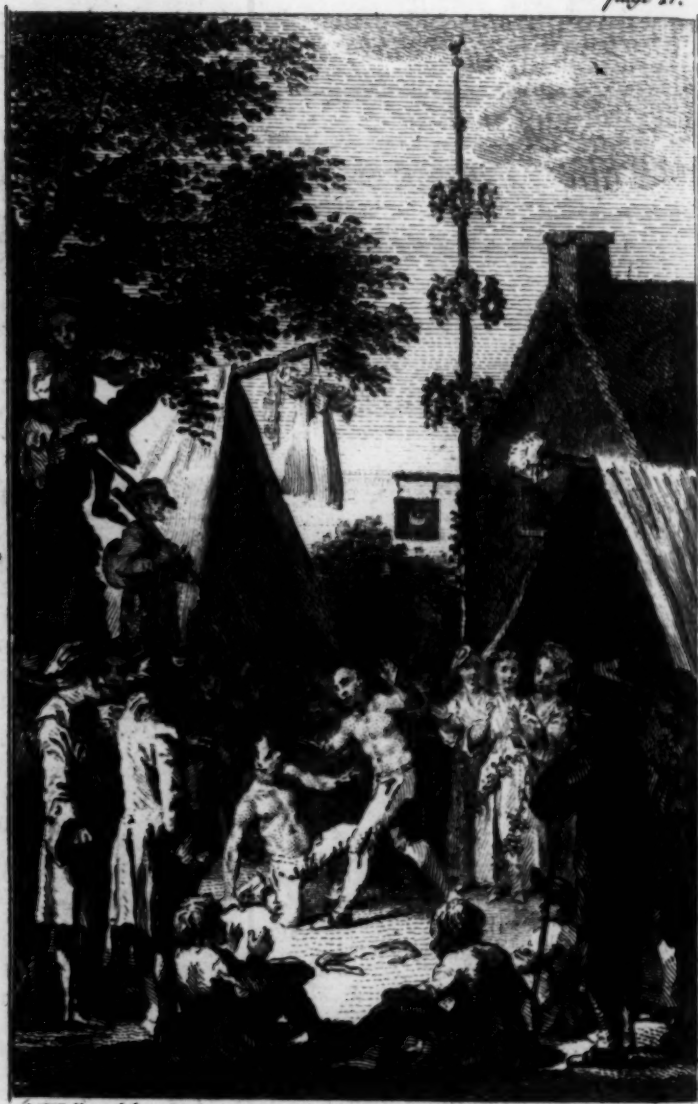
*The End of the first CANTO.*

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2  
ARGUMENT







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ARGUMENT of the Second CANTO.

**T**HE Fray. TONSORIO, COLLIN, HILDE-  
BRAND, CUDDY, CINDARAXA, TALGOL, AVA-  
RO, CUBBIN, COLLAKIN, MUNDUNGO. Sir RHA-  
DAMANTH *the Justice attended with his Guards, comes*  
*to quell the Fray. RHADAMANTH's Speech. Tumult*  
*appeas'd. GORGONIUS the Butcher takes up the Hilts, his*  
*Character. The KIFTSGATIANS Consternation, look*  
*swiftly on HOBBINOL; his Speech. The Cudgel-play-*  
*ing. GORGONIUS knock'd down, falls upon TWANG-*  
*DILLO; his Distress; his Lamentation over his broken*  
*Fiddle.*

## CANTO II.

**L**ONG while an univerfal Hubbub loud,  
Deaf'ning each Ear, had drown'd each Accent  
mild;

'Till biting Taunts, and harsh opprobrious Words  
Vile Utt'rance found. How weak are human  
Minds!

How impotent to stem the swelling Tide,  
And without Insolence enjoy Success!

The Vale-Inhabitants, proud, and elate  
With Victory, know no Restraint, but give  
A Loose to Joy. Their Champion HOBBINOL  
Vaunting they raise, above that Earth-born Race



Of Giants old, who piling Hills on Hills,  
*Pelion* on *Offa*, with rebellious Aim  
Made War on Jove. The sturdy Mountaineers,  
Who, saw their Mightiest fall'n, and in his Fall  
Their Honours past impair'd, their Trophies, won  
By their proud Fathers, who with Scorn look'd down  
Upon the subject Vale, fullied, despoil'd,  
And level'd with the Dust, no longer bear  
The keen Reproach. But as when sudden Fire  
Seizes the ripen'd Grain, whose bending Ears  
Invite the Reaper's Hand, the furious God  
In footy Triumph rides dreadful, upborn  
On Wings of Wind, that with destructive Breath  
Feed the fierce Flames, from Ridge to Ridge he  
bounds  
Wide-wasting, and pernicious Ruin spreads:  
So thro' the Croud from Breast to Breast swift flew  
The propagated Rage; loud vollied Oaths,

Like Thunder bursting from a Cloud, gave Signs  
 Of Wrath awak'd. Prompt Fury soon supplied  
 With Arms uncouth; tough well-season'd Plants,  
 Weighty with Lead infus'd, on either Host  
 Fall thick, and heavy; Stools in Pieces rent,  
 And Chairs, and Forms, and batter'd Bowls are hurl'd  
 With fell Intent; like Bombs the Bottles fly  
 Hissing in Air, their sharp-edg'd Fragments drench'd  
 In the warm spouting Gore; Heaps driv'n on Heaps  
 Promiscuous lie. TONSORIO now advanc'd  
 On the rough Edge of Battle: His broad Front  
 Beneath his shining Helm secure, as erst  
 Was thine, MAMBRINO, stout *Iberian* Knight!  
 Defied the rattling Storm, that on his Head  
 Fell innocent. A Table's ragged Frame  
 In his Right-hand he bore, *Herculean* Club!  
 Crouds, push'd on Crouds, before his potent Arm  
 Fled ignominious; Havock, and Dismay,

Hung on their Rear. COLLIN a merry Swain,  
Blithe as the soaring Lark, as sweet the Strains  
Of his soft warbling Lips, that whistling chear  
His lab'ring Team, they toss their Heads well pleas'd,  
In gaudy Plumage deck'd, with stern Disdain  
Beheld this Victor proud; his gen'rous Soul  
Brook'd not the foul Disgrace. High o'er his Head  
His pond'rous Plough-Staff in both Hands he rais'd;  
Erect he stood, and stretching ev'ry Nerve,  
As from a forceful Engine, down it fell  
Upon his hollow'd Helm, that yielding sunk  
Beneath the Blow, and with it's sharpen'd Edge  
Shear'd both his Ears, they on his Shoulders broad  
Hung ragged. Quick as Thought the vig'rous Youth  
Short'ning his Staff, the other End he darts  
Into his gaping Jaws. TONSORIO fled  
Sore maim'd; with pounded Teeth and clotted Gore  
Half choak'd, he fled; with him the Host retir'd

Companions of his Shame; all but the stout,  
And erst unconquer'd HILDEBRAND, brave Man!  
Bold Champion of the Hills! thy weighty Blows  
Our Fathers felt dismay'd; to keep thy Post  
Unmov'd, whilom thy Valour's Choice, now sad  
Necessity compels; decrepit now  
With Age, and stiff with honourable Wounds,  
He stands untterrify'd; one Crutch sustains  
His Frame Majestic, th'other in his Hand  
He wields tremendous; like a Mountain Boar  
In Toils inclos'd, he dares his circling Foes.  
They shrink aloof, or soon with Shame repent  
The rash Assault, the Rustic Heroes fall  
In Heaps around. CUDDY, a dextrous Youth,  
When Force was vain, on fraudful Art rely'd:  
Close to the Ground low cowering, unperceiv'd,  
Cautious he crept, and with his crooked Bill  
Cut sheer the frail Support, Prop of his Age;

Reeling



Reeling awhile he stood, and menac'd fierce  
Th'infidious Swain, reluctant now at Length  
Fell prone and plough'd the Dust. So the tall Oak,  
Old Monarch of the Groves, that long had stood  
The Shock of warring Winds, and the red Bolts  
Of angry Jove, shorn of his leafy Shade  
At last, and inwardly decay'd, if chance  
The cruel Woodman spy the friendly Spur,  
His only Hold; that sever'd, soon he nods,  
And shakes th'incumber'd Mountain as he falls.

WHEN Manly-Valour fail'd, a Female Arm  
Restor'd the Fight. As in th' adjacent Booth  
Black CINDARAXA's busy Hand prepar'd  
The smoaky Viands, she beheld, abash'd,  
The routed Host, and all her dastard Friends  
Far scatter'd o'er the Plain; their shameful Flight  
Griev'd her proud Heart, for hurry'd with the Stream

Ev'n TALGOL too had fled, her darling Boy.

A flaming Brand from off the glowing Hearth

The greasy Heroine snatch'd; o'er her pale Foes

The threat'ning Meteor shone, brandish'd in Air:

Or round their Heads in ruddy Circles play'd.

Across the prostrate HILDEBRAND she strode,

Dreadfully bright: The Multitude appall'd

Fled diff'rent Ways, their Beards, their Hair in  
Flames.

Imprudent she pursu'd, 'till on the Brink

Of the next Pool, with Force united press'd,

And waving round with huge two-handed Sway

Her blazing Arms, into the muddy Lake

The bold Virago fell. Dire was the Fray

Between the warring Elements, of old

Thus *Mulciber*, and *Xanthus Dardan* Stream

In hideous Battle join'd. Just sinking now

Into the boiling Deep, with suppliant Hands

She

She beg'd for Life ; black Ouse and Filth obscene  
Hung in her matted Hair ; The shouting Croud  
Insult, her Woes, and proud of their Success,  
The dripping Amazon in Triumph lead.

Now, like a gath'ring Storm, the rally'd Troops  
Blacken'd the Plain. Young TALGOL from their  
Front,

With a fond Lover's Haste, swift as the Hind,  
That, by the Huntsman's Voice alarm'd, had fled,  
Panting returns, and seeks the gloomy Brake,  
Where her dear Fawn lay hid, into the Booth  
Impatient rush'd. But when the fatal Tale  
He heard, the dearest Treasure of his Soul  
Purloin'd, his CINDY lost ; stiff'ned and pale  
Awhile he stood, his kindling Ire at length  
Burst forth implacable, and injur'd Love  
Shot Lightning from his Eyes ; a Spit he seiz'd,  
Just reeking from the fat Surloyn, a long,

Unweildy Spear ; then with impetuous Rage  
Pres'd forward on th'embattled Host, that shrunk  
At his Approach. The rich AVARO first,  
His fleshy Rump bor'd with dishonest Wounds,  
Fled bellowing ; nor could his num'rous Flocks,  
Nor all th'aspiring Pyramids, that grace  
His Yard well stor'd, save the penurious Clown.  
Here CUBBIN fell, and there young COLLAKIN,  
Nor his fond Mother's Pray'rs, nor ardent Vows  
Of Love-sick Maids could move relentless Fate.  
Where e'er he raged, with his far beaming Lance  
He thin'd their Ranks, and all their Battle swerv'd  
With many an Inroad gor'd. Then cast around  
His furious Eyes, if haply he might find  
The captive Fair ; her in the Dust he spy'd  
Gro'ling, disconsolate ; those Locks, that erst  
So bright, shone like the polish'd Jet, defil'd  
With Mire impure ; thither with eager Haste

He

He ran, he flew. But when the wretched Maid  
Prostrate he view'd, deform'd with gaping Wounds  
And welt'ring in her Blood, his trembling Hand  
Soon drop'd the dreaded Lance ; on her pale Cheeks  
Ghaſtly he gaz'd, nor felt the pealing Storm,  
That on his bare defenceleſs Brow fell thick  
From ev'ry Arm : O'erpower'd at laſt, down ſunk  
His drooping Head, on her cold Breaſt reclin'd.  
Hail, faithful Pair ! if ought my Verſe avail,  
Nor Envy's Spite, nor Time ſhall e'er efface  
The Records of your Fame ; blind *Britiſh* Bards,  
In Ages yet to come, on feſtal Days  
Shall chant this mournful Tale, while liſt'ning Nymphs  
Lament around, and ev'ry gen'rous Heart  
With active Valour glows, and virtuous Love.  
How blind is pop'lar Fury ! how perverſe,  
When Broils intestine rage, and Force controuls  
Reason and Law ! As the torn Veſſel ſinks

He

Between



Between the Burst of adverse Waves o'erwhelm'd ;

So fares it with the neutral Head, between

Contending Parties bruis'd, incessant peal'd

With random Strokes that undiscerning fall ;

Guiltless he suffers most, who least offends.

MUNDUNGO from the bloody Field retir'd,

Close in a Corner plied the peaceful Bowl ;

Incurious he, and thoughtless of Events,

Now deem'd himself conceal'd, wrapt in the Cloud

That issu'd from his Mouth, and the thick Fogs

That hung upon his Brows ; but hostile Rage

Inquisitive found out the rusty Swain.

His short black Tube down his furr'd Throat impell'd,

Stagg'ring he reel'd, and with tenacious Gripe

The bulky Jordan, that before him stood,

Seiz'd falling ; that its liquid Freight disgorg'd

Upon the prostrate Clown, flound'ring he lay

Beneath the muddy Bev'rage whelm'd, so late

His

His prime Delight. Thus the luxurious Wasp,  
 Voracious Insect, by the fragrant Dregs  
 Allur'd, and in the viscous Nectar plung'd,  
 His filmy Pennons struggling flaps in vain,  
 Loft in a Flood of Sweets. Still o'er the Plain  
 Fierce Onset, and tumultuous Battle spread ;  
 And now they fall, and now they rise, incens'd  
 With animated Rage, while nought around  
 Is heard, but Clamour, Shout, and Female Cries,  
 And Curses mix'd with Groans. Discord on high  
 Shook her infernal Scourge, and o'er their Heads  
 Scream'd with malignant Joy ; when lo ! between  
 The warring Hosts appear'd Sage RHADAMANTH,  
 A Knight of high Renown. Nor QUIXOT bold,  
 Nor AMADIS of *Gaul*, nor HUDIBRAS,  
 Mirror of Knighthood, e'er cou'd vie with thee.  
 Great Sultan of the Vale ! Thy Front severe,  
 As humble *Indians* to their Pagods bow,

The

The Clowns submit approach. THEMIS to thee  
Commits her golden Balance, where she weighs  
Th' abandon'd Orphan's Sighs, the Widow's Tears;  
By thee gives sure Redress, comforts the Heart  
Oppress'd with Woe, and rears the suppliant Knee.  
Each bold Offender hides his guilty Head,  
Astonish'd, when thy delegated Arm  
Draws her vindictive Sword; at thy Command,  
Stern Minister of Power Supreme! each Ward  
Sends forth her brawny *Myrmidons*, their Clubs  
Blazon'd with Royal Arms; dispatchful Haste  
Sits earnest on each Brow, and public Care.  
Encompass'd round with these his dreadful Guards,  
He spur'd his sober Steed, grizled with Age,  
And venerably dull; his Stirrups stretch'd  
Beneath the Knightly Load; one Hand he fix'd  
Upon his Saddle Bow, the other Palm  
Before him spread, like some grave Orator

In *Athens*, or free *Rome*, when Eloquence  
 Subdu'd Mankind, and all the list'ning Croud  
 Hung by their Ears on his persuasive Tongue.  
 He thus the jarring Multitude address'd.

“ NEIGHBOURS, and Friends, and Countrymen,

“ the Flow'r

“ Of *Kiftsgate*! ah! what means this impious Broil?

“ Is then the haughty *Gaul* no more your Care?

“ Are *Landen's* Plains so soon forgot, that thus

“ Ye spill that Blood inglorious, waste that Strength,

“ Which well employ'd, once more might have com-

“ pell'd

“ The Stripling *ANJOU* to a shameful Flight?

“ Or by your great Forefathers taught, have fix'd

“ The *British* Standard on *Lutetian* Tow'rs?

“ O Sight odious, detestable! O Times

“ Degenerate, of ancient Honour void!

“ This

38 H O B B I N O L, or the CANTO II.

“ This Fact so foul, so riotous, insults

“ All Law, all Sov'reign Pow'r, and calls aloud

“ For Vengeance ; but, my Friends ! too well ye

“ know,

“ How flow this Arm to punish, and how bleeds

“ This Heart, when forc'd on rigorous Extremes.

“ O Countrymen ! All, all, can testify

“ My Vigilance, my Care for public Good.

“ I am the Man, who by your own free Choice

“ Select from all the Tribes, in Senates rul'd

“ Each warm Debate, and emptied all my Stores

“ Of ancient Science in my Country's Cause.

“ Wise TACITUS, of Penetration deep,

“ Each secret Spring reveal'd, THUANUS bold

“ Breath'd Liberty, and all the mighty Dead,

“ Rais'd at my Call, the *British* Rights confirm'd ;

“ While MUSGRAVE, How, and SEYMOUR sneer'd

“ in vain.

“ I am



" I am the Man, who from the Bench exalt  
" This Voice, still grateful to your Ears, this Voice  
" Which breaths for you alone. Where is the Wretch  
" Distress'd, who in the Cobwebs of the Law  
" Entangl'd, and in subtil Problems lost,  
" Seeks not to me for Aid! In Shoals they come  
" Neglected, feeble Clients, nor return  
" Unedify'd; scarce greater Multitudes  
" At *Delphi* sought the God, to learn their Fate  
" From his dark Oracles. I am the Man,  
" Whose watchful Providence, beyond the Date  
" Of this frail Life extends, to future Times  
" Beneficent, my useful Schemes shall steer  
" The Common-Weal in Ages yet to come.  
" Your Childrens Children, taught by me, shall keep  
" Their Rights inviolable: And as *Rome*  
" The Sibyl's sacred Books, tho' wrote on Leaves  
" And scatter'd o'er the Ground, with pious Awe

D

" Col-

“ Collected ; so your Sons shall glean with Care  
 “ My hallow’d Fragments, ev’ry Scrip divine  
 “ Consult intent, of more intrinsic Worth  
 “ Than half a *Vatican*. Hear me, my Friends !  
 “ Hear me, my Countrymen ! Oh suffer not  
 “ This hoary Head, employ’d for you alone,  
 “ To sink with Sorrow to the Grave.” | He spake,  
 And veil’d his Bonnet to the Croud. As when  
 The Sov’reign of the Floods o’er the rough Deep  
 His awful Trident shakes, its Fury falls,  
 The warring Billows on each Hand retire,  
 And foam, and rage no more. All now is hush’d,  
 The Multitude appeas’d ; a chearful Dawn  
 Smiles on the Fields, the waving Throng subsides,  
 And the loud Tempest sinks, becalm’d in Peace.

GORGONIUS now with haughty Strides advanc’d,  
 A Gauntlet seiz’d, firm on his Guard he stood

A formidable Foe, and dealt in Air  
His empty Blows, a Prelude to the Fight.  
Slaughter his Trade; full many a pamper'd Ox  
Fell by his fatal Hand, the bulky Beast  
Drag'd by his Horns, oft at one deadly Blow,  
His Iron Fist descending crush'd his Skull,  
And left him spurning on the bloody Floor,  
While at his Feet the guiltless Axe was laid,  
In dubious Fight of late one Eye he lost,  
Bor'd from its Orb, and the next glancing Stroke  
Bruis'd fore the rising Arch, and bent his Nose:  
Nathless he triumph'd on the well-fought Stage,  
*Hockleian* Hero! Nor was more deform'd  
The CYCLOPS blind, nor of more monstrous Size,  
Nor his void Orb more dreadful to behold,  
Weeping the putrid Gore, severe Revenge  
Of subtil ITHACUS. Terribly gay  
In his Buff Doublet, larded o'er with Fat

Of slaughter'd Brutes, the well-oil'd Champion shone.  
 Sternly he gaz'd around, with many a Frown  
 Fierce menacing, provok'd the tardy Foe.  
 For now each Combatant, that erst so bold  
 Vaunted his manly Deeds, in pensive Mood  
 Hung down his Head, and fix'd on Earth his Eyes,  
 Pale and dismay'd. On HOBBINOL at last  
 Intent they gaze, in him alone their Hope,  
 Each Eye sollicit him, each panting Heart  
 Joyns in the silent Suit. Soon he perceiv'd  
 Their secret Wish, and eas'd their doubting Minds.

“ YE Men of *Kiftsgate* ! whose wide-spreading Fame  
 “ In ancient Days were sung from Shore to Shore,  
 “ To *British* Bards of old a copious Theme ;  
 “ Too well, alas ! in your pale Cheeks I view  
 “ Your dastard Souls. O mean, degen'rate Race !  
 “ But since on me ye call, each suppliant Eye

“ Invi

" Invites my sov'reign Aid, lo ! here I come,  
" The Bulwark of your Fame, tho' scarce my Brows  
" Are dry from glorious Toils, just now atchiev'd,  
" To vindicate your Worth. Lo ! here I swear,  
" By all my great Forefathers fair Renown,  
" By that illustrious Wicker, where they sate  
" In comely Pride, and in triumphant Sloth  
" Gave Law to passive Clowns ; or on this Spot  
" In Glory's Prime, your HOBBINOL expires,  
" And from his dearest GANDERETTA's Arms  
" Sinks to Death's cold Embrace ; or by this Hand  
" That Stranger, big with Insolence, shall fall  
" Prone on the Ground, and do your Honour Right."

FORTHWITH the Hilts he seiz'd but on his Arm  
Fond GANDERETTA hung, and round his Neck  
Curl'd in a soft Embrace. Honour and Love  
A doubtful Contest wag'd, but from her soon



He sprung relentless, all her Tears were vain,  
Yet oft he turn'd, oft sigh'd, thus pleading mild;

“ ILL should I merit these imperial Robes,  
“ Ensigns of Majesty, by gen’ral Voice  
“ Conferr’d, should Pain, or Death itself avail  
“ To shake the steady Purpose of my Soul.  
“ Peace, Fair One ! Heaven will protect the Man,  
“ By thee held dear, and crown thy gen’rous Love.”

HER from the list’d Field the Matrons Sage  
Reluctant drew, and with fair Speeches sooth’d.

Now Front to Front the fearless Champions meet ;  
GORGONIUS like a Tow’r, whose cloudy Top  
Invades the Skies, stood low’ring ; far beneath  
The Stripling HOBBINOL, with careful Eye  
Each op’ning scans, and each unguarded Space

} Measures

Measures intent. While negligently bold,  
The bulky Combatant, whose Heart elate  
Disdain'd his puny Foe, now fondly deem'd  
At one decisive Stroke to win, unhurt,  
An easy Victory; down came at once  
The pond'rous Plant, with fell malicious Rage,  
Aim'd at his Head direct; but the tough Hilts,  
Swift interpos'd elude his Effort vain.  
The cautious HOBBINOL, with ready Feet  
Now shifts his Ground, retreating; then again  
Advances bold and his unguarded Shins  
Batters secure; each well-directed Blow  
Bites to the Quick; thick as the falling Hail,  
The Strokes redoubled peal his hollow Sides.  
The Multitude amaz'd with Horror view  
The rattling Storm, shrink back at ev'ry Blow,  
And seem to feel his Wounds; inly he groan'd,  
And gnash'd his Teeth, and from his Blood-shot Eye

Red Lightning flash'd the fierce tumultuous Rage  
Shook all his mighty Fabric ; once again  
Erect he stands, collected, and resolv'd  
To conquer, or to die : Swift as the Bolt  
Of angry Jove, the weighty Plant descends.  
But wary HOBINOL, whose watchful Eye  
Perceiv'd his kind Intent, slip'd on one Side  
Declining ; the vain Stroke from such an Height,  
With such a Force impell'd, headlong drew down  
Th' unweildy Champion : On the solid Ground  
He fell rebounding breathless, and astunn'd,  
His Trunk extended lay ; fore maim'd from out  
His heaving Breast, he belch'd a crimson Flood.  
Full leisurely he rose, but conscious Shame  
Of Honour lost his failing Strength renew'd.  
Rage, and Revenge, and ever-during Hate,  
Blacken'd his stormy Front ; rash, furious, blind,  
And lavish of his Blood, of random Strokes

He

He laid on Load ; without Design or Art  
Onward he prefs'd outrageous, while his Foe  
Encircling wheels, or Inch by Inch retires,  
Wife Niggard of his Strength. Yet all thy Care,  
O HOBBINOL ! avail'd not to prevent  
One hapless Blow ; o'er his strong Guard the Plant  
Lapp'd pliant, and its knotty Point impress'd  
His nervous Chine ; he wreath'd him to and fro  
Convolv'd, yet thus distress'd, intrepid bore  
His Hilts aloft, and guarded well his Head.  
So when th' unwary Clown, with hasty Step,  
Crushes the folded Snake, her wounded Parts  
Grovv'ling she trails along, but her high Crest  
Erect she bears ; in all its speckled Pride,  
She swells inflam'd, and with her forky Tongue  
Threatens Destruction. With like eager Haste,  
Th' impatient HOBBINOL, whose excessive Pain  
Stung to his Heart, a speedy Vengeance vow'd,

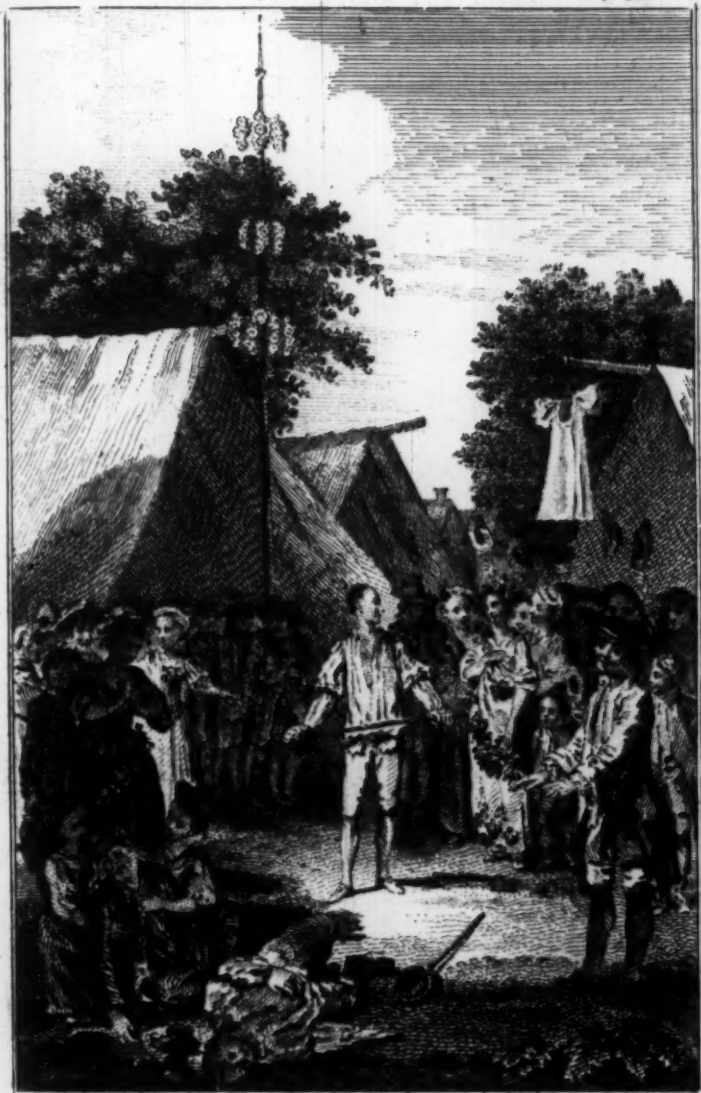
Nor

He

Nor wanted long the Means; a Feint he made  
 With well dissembled Guile, his batter'd Shins  
 Mark'd with his Eyes, and menac'd with his Plant.  
 GORGONIUS, whose long-suff'ring Legs scarce bore  
 His cumb'rous Bulk, to his Supporters frail  
 Indulgent, soon the friendly Hilts oppos'd;  
 Betray'd, deceiv'd, on his unguaded Crest  
 The Stroke delusive fell; a dismal Groan  
 Burst from his hollow Chest, his trembling Hands  
 Forsook the Hilts, across the spacious Ring  
 Backward he reel'd, the Croud affrighted fly  
 T' escape the falling Ruin. But, alas!  
 'Twas thy hard Fate, TWANGDILLO! to receive  
 His pond'rous Trunk; on thee, on helpless thee,  
 Headlong, and heavy, the foul Monster fell.  
 Beneath a Mountain's Weight, th'unhappy Bard  
 Lay prostrate, nor was more renown'd thy Song,  
 O Seer of *Thrace*! nor more severe thy Fate.

His





A. Walker del. et Sculp.



His vocal Shell, the Solace and Support  
Of wretched Age, gave one melodious Scream,  
And in a thousand Fragments strew'd the Plain.  
The Nymphs, sure Friends to his harmonious Mirth,  
Fly to his Aid, his hairy Breast expose  
To each refreshing Gale and with soft Hands  
His Temples chafe; at their persuasive Touch  
His fleeting Soul returns, upon his Rump  
He fate disconsolate; but when, alas!  
He view'd the shatter'd Fragments, down again  
He sunk expiring; by their friendly Care  
Once more reviv'd, he thrice assay'd to speak,  
And thrice the rising Sobs his Voice subdu'd:  
'Till thus at last his wretched Plight he mourn'd.

“ SWEET Instrument of Mirth! sole Comfort left  
“ To my declining Years! whose sprightly Notes  
“ Restor'd my Vigour, and renew'd my Bloom,

“ Soft

- “ Soft healing Balm to ev’ry wounded Heart !  
“ Despairing, dying Swains, from the cold Ground  
“ Uprais’d by thee, at thy melodious Call,  
“ With ravish’d Ears receiv’d the flowing Joy.  
“ Gay Pleasantry, and Care beguiling Joke,  
“ Thy sure Attendants were, and at thy Voice  
“ All Nature smil’d. But, oh ! this Hand no more  
“ Shall touch thy wanton Strings, no more with Lays  
“ Alternate, from Oblivion dark redeem  
“ The mighty Dead, and vindicate their Fame.  
“ Vain are thy Toils, O H O B B I N O L ! and all  
“ Thy Triumphs vain. Who shall record, brave Man !  
“ Thy bold Exploits ? Who shall thy Grandeur tell,  
“ Supreme of *Kiftsgate* ? See thy faithful Bard,  
“ Despoil’d, undone. O cover me, ye Hills !  
“ Whose vocal Cliffs were taught my joyous Song.  
“ Or thou, fair Nymph, *Avona* ! on whose Banks  
“ The frolic Croud, led by my num’rous Strains  
“ Their

“ Their Orgies kept, and frisk’d it o’er the Green,  
“ Jocund, and gay, while thy remurm’ring Streams  
“ Danc’d by, well pleas’d. Oh ! let thy friendly Waves  
“ O’erwhelm a Wretch, and hide this Head accurs’d.”

So plains the restless PHILOMEL, her Nest,  
And callow Young the tender growing Hope  
Of future Harmony, and frail Return  
For all her Cares, to barb’rous Churls a Prey;  
Darkling she sings, the Woods repeat her Moan.

*The End of the second CANTO.*

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ARGUMENT



### ARGUMENT of the Third CANTO.

**G**OOD Eating expedient for Heroes. HOMER prais'd for keeping a Table. HOBBINOL triumphant. GANDERETTA's Bill of Fare. Panegyrick upon Ale. Gossiping over a Bottle. Compliment to Mr JOHN PHILIPS. GANDERETTA's Perplexity discover'd by HOBBINOL; his consolatory Speech, compares himself to GUY Earl of Warwick. GANDERETTA encouraged, strips for the Race; her amiable Figure. FUSCA the Gypsy, her dirty Figure. TABITHA her great Reputation for Speed; hired to the dissenting Academy at Tewksbury. A short Account of GAMALIEL the Master, and his hopeful Scholars. TABITHA carries Weight. The Smock Race. TABITHA's Fall. FUSCA's short Triumph, her Humiliation. GANDERETTA's matchless Speed. HOBBINOL lays the Prize at her Feet. Their mutual Triumph. The Vicissitude of human Affairs, experienc'd by HOBBINOL. MOPSA, formerly his Servant, with her two Children appears to him. MOPSA's Speech; assaults GANDERETTA; her Flight. HOBBINOL's prodigious Fright, is taken into Custody by Constables, and drag'd to Sir RHADAMANTH's.

CANTO

## CANTO III.

**T**H O' some of old, and some of modern Date,  
 Penurious their victorious Heroes fed  
 With barren Praise alone; yet thou, my Muse!  
 Benevolent, with more indulgent Eyes  
 Behold th'Immortal HOBBINOL; reward  
 With due Regalement his triumphant Toils.  
 Let QUIXOT's hardy Courage, and Renown,  
 With SANCHE's prudent Care be meetly join'd.

O THOU of Bards supreme, MÆONIDES!  
 What well-fed Heroes grace thy hallow'd Page!  
 Laden with glorious Spoils, and gay with Blood

Of

Of slaughter'd Hosts, the Victor Chief returns.

Whole *Troy* before him fled, and Men, and Gods,

Oppos'd in vain. For the brave Man, whose Arm

Repell'd his Country's Wrong, ev'n he, the great

ATRIDES, King of Kings, ev'n he prepares

With his own Royal Hand the sumptuous Feast.

Full to the Brim, the brazen Cauldrons smoke,

Thro' all the busy Camp the rising Blaze

Attest their Joy; Heroes, and Kings forego

Their State, and Pride, and at his Elbow wait

Obsequious. On a polish'd Charger plac'd,

The bulky Chine, with plenteous Fat inlaid,

Of golden Hue, magnificently shines.

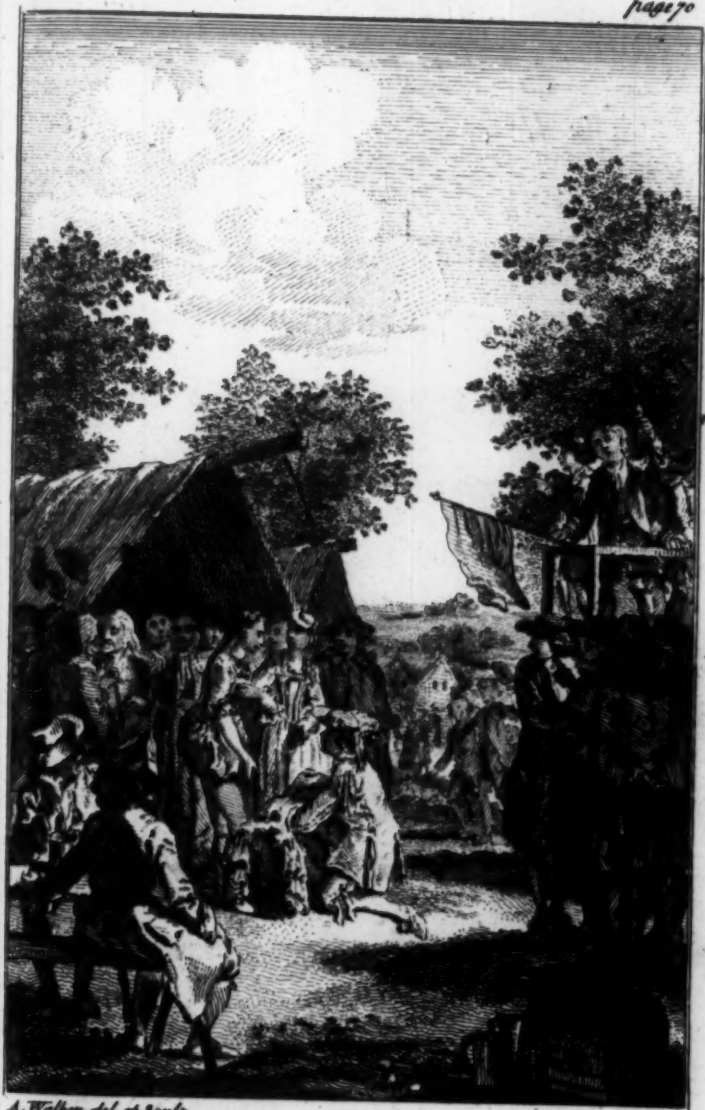
The choicest Morfels sever'd to the Gods,

The Hero next, well-paid for all his Wounds,

The rich Repast divides with Jove; from out

The sparkling Bowl he draws the gen'rous Wine,

Unmix'd, unmeasur'd; with unstinted Joy



A. Walker del. et sculp.





His Heart o'erflows. In like triumphant Portals  
 Sate the victorious HORBINOL; the Croud  
 Transported view, and bless their glorious Chief:  
 All *Kiftgate* sounds his Praise with joint Acclaim.  
 Him ev'ry Voice, him ev'ry Knee confess'd,  
 In Merit, as in Right, their King: Upon  
 The flow'ry Turf, Earth's painted Lap, are spread  
 The rural Dainties; such as Nature boon  
 Presents with lavish Hand, or such as owe  
 To GANDERETTA's Care their grateful Taste,  
 Delicious. For she long since prepar'd  
 To celebrate this Day, and with good Chear  
 To grace his Triumphs. Crystal Gooseberries  
 Are pil'd on Heaps; in vain the Parent-Tree  
 Defends her luscious Fruit with pointed Spears,  
 The ruby-tinctur'd Corinth clust'ring hangs,  
 And emulates the Grape; green Codlings float  
 In dulcet Creams; nor wants the last Year's Store,

The hardy Nut, in solid Mail secure,  
 Impregnable to Winter Frosts, repays  
 Its Hoarder's Care. The Custard's gellied Flood  
 Impatient Youth, with greedy Joy, devours.  
 Cheefecakes and Pyes, in various Forms uprais'd,  
 In well built Pyramids, aspiring stand.  
 Black Hams, and Tongues, that speechless can per-  
     suade  
 To ply the brisk Carouse, and chear the Soul  
 With jovial Draughts. Nor does the jolly God  
 Deny his precious Gifts; here jocund Swains,  
 In uncouth Mirth delighted, sporting, quaff  
 Their native Bev'rage; in the brimming Glass  
 The liquid Amber smiles. *Britons*, no more  
 Dread your invading Foes; let the false *Gaul*,  
 Of Rule insatiate, potent to deceive,  
 And great by subtil Wiles, from th'adverse Shore  
 Pour forth his num'rous Hosts; *Iberia*! join

Thy tow'ring Fleets, once more aloft display  
Thy consecrated Banners, fill thy Sails  
With Pray'rs and Vows, most formidably strong  
In holy Trump'ry, let old Ocean groan  
Beneath thy proud Armada vainly deem'd  
Invincible ; yet fruitless all their Toils,  
Vain ev'ry rash Effort, while our fat Glebe,  
Of Barley-Grain productive, still supplies  
The flowing Treasure, and with Summs immense  
Supports the Throne ; while this rich Cordial warms  
The Farmer's Courage, arms his stubborn Soul  
With native Honour, and resistless Rage.  
Thus vaunt the Croud, each free-born Heart o'er-  
flows  
With *Britains* Glory, and his Country's Love.

HERE, in a merry Knot combin'd, the Nymphs  
Pour out mellifluous Streams, the balmy Spoils

Of the laborious Bee. The modest Maid  
But coyly sips, and blushing drinks, abash'd :  
Each Lover, with observant Eye beholds  
Her graceful Shame, and at her glowing Cheeks  
Rekindles all his Fires, but Matrons sage,  
Better experienc'd, and instructed well  
In midnight Mysteries, and Feast-rites old,  
Grasp the capacious Bowl ; nor cease to draw  
The spumy Nectar. Healths of gay Import  
Fly merrily about ; now Scandal fly  
Insinuating gilds the specious Tale  
With treach'rous Praise, and with a double Face  
Ambiguous Wantonness, demurely sneers.  
'Till circling Brimmers ev'ry Veil withdraw,  
And dauntless Impudence appears unmask'd,  
Others apart, in the cool Shade retir'd,  
*Silurian* Cyder quaff, by that great Bard  
Ennobled, who first taught my grov'ling Muse

To mount aerial. O! could I but raise  
 My feeble Voice to his exalted Strains,  
 Or to the Height of this great Argument,  
 The gen'rous Liquid in each Line shou'd bounce  
 Spirit'ous, nor oppressivè Cork subdue  
 Its foaming Rage; but to the lofty Theme  
 Unequal, Muse, decline the pleasing Task.

Thus they luxurious, on the grassy Turf,  
 Revell'd at large: While nought around was heard  
 But Mirth confus'd, and undistinguish'd Jôy,  
 And Laughter far resounding; serious Care  
 Found here no Place, to GANDERETTA's Breast  
 Retiring; there with Hopes, and Fears perplex'd  
 Her fluctuating Mind. Hence the soft Sigh  
 Escapes unheeded, Spight of all her Art;  
 The trembling Blushes, on her lovely Cheeks,  
 Alternate ebb, and flow; from the full Glass



She flies abstemious, shuns th'untasted Feast :

But careful HOBBINOL, whose am'rous Eye

From hers ne'er wander'd, haunting still the Place

Where his dear Treasure lay, discover'd soon

Her secret Woe, and bore a Lover's Part.

Compassion melts his Soul, her glowing Cheeks

He kiss'd, enamour'd, and her panting Heart

He press'd to his ; then with these soothing Words,

Tenderly smiling, her faint Hopes reviv'd,

“ COURAGE, my Fair ! the splendid Prize is thine

“ Indulgent Fortune will not damp our Joys,

“ Nor blast the Glories of this happy Day,

“ Hear me, ye Swains ! Ye Men of *Kiftsgate* ! hear :

“ Tho' great the Honours by your Hands conferr'd,

“ These royal Ornaments, tho' great the Force

“ Of this puissant Arm, as all must own,

“ Who saw this Day the bold GORGONIUS fall ;

“ Yet

“ Yet were I more renown’d for Feats of Arms,  
“ And knightly Prowess, than that mighty Guy,  
“ So fam’d in antique Song, *Warwick’s* great Earl  
“ Who slew the Giant COLBRAND, in fierce Fight  
“ Maintain’d a Summer’s Day, and freed this Realm  
“ From *Danish* Vassalage ; his pond’rous Sword,  
“ And massy Spear, attest the glorious Deed ;  
“ Nor less his hospitable Soul is seen  
“ In that capacious Cauldron, whose large Freight  
“ Might feast a Province : Yet were I like him  
“ The Nation’s Pride, like him I cou’d forego  
“ All earthly Grandeur, wander thro’ the World  
“ A jocund Pilgrim, in the lonesome Den,  
“ And rocky Cave, with these my royal Hands  
“ Scoop the cold Streams, with Herbs, and Roots  
content,  
“ Mean Sustenance ; could I by this but gain,  
“ For the dear Fair, the Prize her Heart desires.

“ Believe me, charming Maid ! I’d be a Worm,

“ The meanest Insect, and the lowest Thing

“ The World despises, to enhance thy Fame.”

So cheer’d he his fair Queen, and she was cheer’d,

Now with a noble Confidence inspir’d,

Her Looks assure Success, now strip’d of all

Her cumb’rous Vestments, Beauty’s vain Disguise,

She shines unclouded in her native Charms.

Her plaited Hair behind her in a Brede

Hung careless, with becoming Grace each Blush

Varied her Cheeks, than the gay rising Dawn

More lovely, when the new-born Light salutes

The joyful Earth, impurpling half the Skies.

Her heaving Breast, thro’ the thin Cov’ring view’d,

Fix’d each Beholder’s Eye ; her taper Thighs,

And Lineaments exact, wou’d mock the Skill

Of PHIDIAS ; Nature alone can form

Such due Proportion. To compare with her  
*Oread*, or *Dryad*, or of *Delia's* Train,  
Fair Virgin Huntress, for the Chace array'd  
With painted Quiver, and unerring Bow,  
Were but to lessen her superior Mien,  
And Goddess-like Deport. The Master's Hand  
Rare Artisan ! with proper Shades improves  
His lively Colouring ; so here, to grace  
Her brighter Charms, next her upon the Plain  
*Fusca* the Brown appears, with greedy Eye  
Views the rich Prize, her tawny Front erects  
Audacious, and with her Legs unclean,  
Booted with Grime, and with her freckled Skin  
Offends the Croud. She of the Gypsy Train,  
Had wander'd long, and the Sun's scorching Rays  
Imbrown'd her Visage grim ; artful to view  
The spreading Palm, and with vile Cant deceive  
The Love-sick Maid, who barter all her Store,

For

For airy Visions and fallacious Hope.

GORGONIUS, if the current Fame say true,

Her Comrade once, they many a merry Prank

Together play'd, and many a Mile had stol'd,

For him fit Mate. Next TABITHA the tall

Strode o'er the Plain, with huge Gigantic Pace,

And overlook'd the Croud, known far and near

For matchless Speed; she many a Prize had won,

Pride of that neighb'ring \* Mart, for Mustard fam'd,

Sharp-biting Grain, where amicably join

The Sister Floods, and with their liquid Arms

Greeting embrace. Here GAMALIEL sage,

Of *Cameronian* Brood, with ruling Rod

Trains up his Babes of Grace, instructed well

In all the gainful Discipline of Pray'r,

To point the holy Leer, by just Degrees

To close the twinkling Eye, t'expand the Palms,

\* *Towksbury* in the Vale of *Evesham*, where the *Avon* runs into the *Seyern*.



T'expose the Whites, and with the fightless Ball  
To glare upon the Croud, to raise, or sink  
The docile Voice, now murm'ring soft and low  
With inward Accent calm, and then again  
In foaming Floods of rapt'rous Eloquence,  
Let loose the Storm, and thunder thro' the Nose  
The threat'ned Vengeance : Ev'ry Muse profane  
Is banish'd hence, and *Heliconian* Streams  
Deserted, the fam'd *Leman* Lake supplies  
More plenteous Draughts, of more divine Import.  
Hail, happy Youths ! on whom indulgent Heav'n  
Each Grace divine bestows, nor yet denies  
Carnal Beatitudes, sweet Privilege  
Of Saints elect ! Royal Prerogative !  
Here in domestic Cares employ'd and bound  
To annual Servitude, frail TABITHA  
Her pristin Vigour lost, now mourns in vain  
Her sharpen'd Visage, and the sickly Qualms

That

That grieve her Soul; a Prey to Love, while Grace  
 Slept heedless by: Yet her undaunted Mind  
 Still meditates the Prize, and still she hopes,  
 Beneath th'unweildy Load, her wonted Speed.  
 Others of meaner Fame the stately Muse  
 Records not, on more lofty Flights intent  
 She spurns the Ground, and mounts her native Skies.

Room for the Master of the Ring; ye Swains!  
 Divide your crouded Ranks. See! there on high  
 The glitt'ring Prize, on the tall Standard born,  
 Waving in Air; before him march in Files  
 The rural Minstrelsy, the rattling Drum  
 Of solemn Sound, and th'animating Horn,  
 Each Huntsman's Joy; the Tabor and the Pipe,  
 Companion dear at Feasts, whose chearful Notes  
 Give Life, and Motion to th'unweildy Clown.  
 Ev'n Age revives, and the pale puking Maid

Feels

Feels ruddy Health rekindling on her Cheeks,  
And with new Vigour trips it o'er the Plain.  
Counting each careful Step, he paces o'er  
Th'allotted Ground, and fixes at the Goal  
His Standard, there himself majestic swells.  
Stretch'd in a Line, the panting Rivals wait  
Th'expected Signal, with impatient Eyes  
Measure the Space between, and in Conceit  
Already grasp the warm-contested Prize.  
Now all at once rush forward to the Goal,  
And Step by Step, and Side by Side, they ply  
Their busy Feet, and leave the Croud behind.  
Quick heaves each Breast, and quick they shoot along,  
Thro' the divided Air, and bound it o'er the Plain.  
To this, to that, capricious Fortune deals  
Short Hopes, short Fears, and momentary Joy.  
The breathless Throng, with open Throats pursue,  
And broken Accents shout imperfect Praise.

Such

Such Noise confus'd is heard, such wild Uproar,  
When on the Main the swelling Surges rise,  
Dash o'er the Rocks, and hurrying thro' the Flood,  
Drive on each other's Backs, and croud the Strand.  
Before the rest tall TABITHA was seen,  
Stretching amain, and whirling o'er the Field;  
Swift as the shooting Star, that gilds the Night  
With rapid transient Blaze, she runs, she flies;  
Sudden she stops, nor longer can endure  
The painful Course, but drooping sinks away,  
And like that falling Meteor, there she lyes  
A Jelly cold on Earth. FUSCA with Joy,  
Beheld her wretched Plight; o'er the pale Corse  
Insulting bounds; Hope gave her Wings, and now  
Exerting all her Speed, Step after Step,  
At GANDERETTA's Elbow urg'd her Way,  
Her Shoulder pressing, and with pois'nous Breath  
Tainting her Iv'ry Neck. Long while had held

The

The sharp Contest, had not propitious Heav'n  
With partial Hands, to such transcendent Charms  
Dispens'd its Favours. For as o'er the Green  
The careless Gypsy, with incautious Speed,  
Push'd forward, and her Rival Fair had reach'd  
With equal Pace, and only not o'erpass'd:  
Haply she treads, where late the merry Train,  
In wasteful Luxury, and wanton Joy  
Lavish had spilt the Cyder's frothy Flood,  
And Mead with Custard mix'd. Surpriz'd appall'd,  
And in the treach'rous Puddle struggling long,  
She slip'd, she fell, upon her Back supine  
Extended lay; the laughing Multitude  
With noisy Scorn approve her just Disgrace.  
As the slick Lev'ret skims before the Pack,  
So flies the Nymph, and so the Croud pursue.  
Born on the Wings of Wind the Dear One flies,  
Swift as the various Goddess, nor less bright

In



50 HOBBINOL, or the CANTO III.

In Beauty's Prime; when thro' the yielding Air  
 She darts along, and with refracted Rays  
 Paints the gay Clouds; celestial Messenger,  
 Charg'd with the high Behests of Heav'n's great  
 Queen!

Her at the Goal with open Arms receiv'd  
 Fond HOBBINOL; with active Leap he seiz'd  
 The costly Prize, and laid it at her Feet.  
 Then pausing stood, dumb with Excess of Joy,  
 Expressive Silence! for each tender Glance  
 Betray'd the Raptures, that his Tongue conceal'd.  
 Less mute the Croud, in echoing Shouts, applaud  
 Her Speed, her Beauty, his obsequious Love,

UPON a little Eminence, whose Top  
 O'erlook'd the Plain, a steep, but short Ascent,  
 Plac'd in a Chair of State, with Garlands crown'd,  
 And loaded with the Fragrance of the Spring,

Fair

Fair GANDERETTA shone; like Mother EVE  
 In her gay Sylvan Lodge, delicious Bow'r!  
 Where Nature's wanton Hand, above the Reach  
 Of Rule, or Art, had lavish'd all her Store,  
 To deck the flow'ry Roof; and at her Side,  
 Imperial HOBBSNOL, with Front sublime,  
 Great as a *Roman* Consul, just return'd  
 From Cities sack'd, and Provinces laid waste,  
 In his paternal Wicker fate, enthron'd,  
 With eager Eyes the Croud about them press,  
 Ambitious to behold the happy Pair.  
 Each Voice, each Instrument, proclaims their Joy  
 With loudest Vehemence: Such Noise is heard,  
 Such a tumultuous Din, when, at the Call  
 Of *Britain's* Sovereign, the Rustic Bands  
 O'erspread the Fields; the subtil Candidates  
 Dissembled Homage pay, and court the Fools  
 Whom they despise; each proud majestic Clown

F

Looks

Looks big, and shouts amain, mad with the Taste  
Of Pow'r Supreme, frail Empire of a Day !  
That with the setting Sun extinct is lost.

NOR is thy Grandeur, mighty HOBBINOL !  
Of longer Date. Short is, alas ! the Reign  
Of mortal Pride : We play our Parts a while,  
And strut upon the Stage ; the Scene is chang'd,  
And offers us a Dungeon for a Throne.  
Wretched Vicissitude ! for after all  
His tinsel Dreams of Empire and Renown,  
Fortune, capricious Dame, withdraws at once  
The goodly Prospect, to his Eyes presents  
Her, whom his conscious Soul abhorr'd and fear'd.  
Lo ! pushing thro' the Croud, a meagre Form,  
With hasty Step, and Visage incompas'd !  
Wildly she star'd ; Rage sparkled in her Eyes,  
And Poverty fate shrinking on her Cheeks.

Yet

Yet thro' the Cloud that hung upon her Brows,

A faded Lustre broke, that dimly shone

Shorn of its Beams, the Ruins of a Face,

Impair'd by Time, and shatter'd by Misfortunes.

A froward Babe hung at her flabby Breast,

And tug'd for Life ; but wept, with hideous Moan,

His frustrate Hopes, and unavailing Pains.

Another o'er her bending Shoulder peep'd,

Swaddled around with Rags of various Hue.

He kens his Comrade-Twin with envious Eye,

As of his Share defrauded ; then again

He also screams, and to his Brother's Cries,

In doleful Confort joins his loud Laments.

O dire Effect of lawless Love ! O Sting

Of Pleasures past ! As when a full-freight Ship,

Blest in a rich Return of Pearl, or Gold,

Or fragrant Spice, or Silks of costly Die,

Makes to the wish'd-for Port with swelling Sails,

And all her gaudy Trim display'd ; o'erjoy'd  
The Master smiles ; but if from some small Creek,  
A lurking Corsair the rich Quarry spies,  
With all her Sails bears down upon her Prey,  
And Peals of Thunder from her hollow Sides  
Check his triumphant Course ; agast he stands,  
Stiffen'd with Fear, unable to resist,  
And impotent to fly ; all his fond Hopes  
Are dash'd at once ; nought now, alas ! remains  
But the sad Choice of Slavery, or Death.  
So far'd it with the hapless HOBBINOL,  
In the full Blaze of his triumphant Joy  
Surpris'd by her, whose dreadful Face alone  
Cou'd shake his stedfast Soul. In vain he turns,  
And shifts his Place averse ; she haunts him still,  
And glares upon him with her haggard Eyes,  
That fiercely spoke her Wrongs. Words swell'd with  
Sighs



At length burst forth, and thus she storms enrag'd.

“ KNOW’ST thou not me ? false Man ! not to know

“ me

“ Argues thyself unknowing of thyself,

“ Puff’d up with Pride, and bloated with Success.

“ Is injur’d MOPSA then so soon forgot ?

“ Thou knew’st me once, ah ! woe is me ! thou did’st.

“ But if laborious Days, and sleepless Nights,

“ If Hunger, Cold, Contempt, and Penury,

“ Inseparable Guests, have thus disguis’d

“ Thy once lov’d, thy Hand-maid dear ; if thine

“ And Fortune’s Frowns have blasted all my Charms ;

“ If here no Roses grow, no Lillies bloom,

“ Nor rear their Heads on this neglected Face ;

“ If thro’ the World I range a slighted Shade,

“ The Ghost of what I was, forlorn, unknown ;

“ At least know these. See ! this sweet-simp’ring Babe,

- “ Dear Image of thyself; see! how it sprunts  
 “ With Joy at thy Approach! see, how it gilds  
 “ Its soft smooth Face, with false paternal Smiles!  
 “ Native Deceit, from thee, base Man, deriv’d!  
 “ Or view this other Elf, in ev’ry Art  
 “ Of smiling Fraud, in ev’ry treach’rous Leer,  
 “ The very H O B B I N O L! Ah! cruel Man!  
 “ Wicked, ingrate! And cou’d’st thou then so soon,  
 “ So soon forget that pleasing fatal Night,  
 “ When me beneath the flow’ry Thorn surpriz’d,  
 “ Thy artful Wiles betray’d? Was there a Star,  
 “ By which thou didst not swear? Was there a Curse,  
 “ A Plague on Earth, thou didst not then invoke  
 “ On that devoted Head; if e’er thy Heart  
 “ Prov’d haggard to my Love, if e’er thy Hand  
 “ Declin’d the nuptial Bond? But, oh! too well,  
 “ Too well, alas! my throbbing Breast perceiv’d  
 “ The black impending Storm; the conscious Moon  
 “ Veil’d

“ Veil’d in a sable Cloud her modest Face,  
“ And boding Owls proclaim’d the dire Event.  
“ And yet I love thee.—Oh ! cou’d’st thou behold  
“ That Image dwelling in my Heart ! But why ?  
“ Why waste I here these unavailing Tears ?  
“ On this thy Minion, on this tawdry Thing,  
“ On this gay Victim, thus with Garlands crown’d,  
“ All, all, my Vengeance fall ! Ye Lightnings blast  
“ That Face accurs’d, the Source of all my Woe !  
“ Arm, arm, ye Furies ! arm ; all Hell break loose !  
“ While thus I lead you to my just Revenge,  
“ And thus”—Up starts th’astonish’d HOBBINOL  
To save his better Half. “ Fly, fly, he cries,  
“ Fly, my dear Life, the Fiend’s malicious Rage.”  
Born on the Wings of Fear away she bounds,  
And in the neighb’ring Village pants forlorn.  
So the cours’d Hare to the close Covert flies,  
Still trembling, tho’ secure. POOR HOBBINOL

More

More grievous Ills attend, around him press  
 A Multitude, with huge *Herculean* Clubs,  
 Terrific Band ! the Royal Mandate these  
 Insulting shew : Arrested, and amaz'd,  
 Half dead he stands ; no Friends dare interpose  
 But bow, dejected to th' Imperial Scroll.  
 Such is the Force of Law. While conscious Shame  
 Sits heavy on his Brow, they view the Wretch  
 To RHADAMANTH's august Tribunal drag'd.  
 Good RHADAMANTH ! to ev'ry wanton Clown  
 Severe, indulgent to himself alone.



F I N I S.